443 night, was pitiful. There were six gambling
[525] tables in the pasar shed,[1] and that was all.
The Radja tried to get some dancers, but the
women had left for the kampong.

525 The priest, Mommersteeg, said that they all
gamble and that there is plenty of money used
here, although there are also many one sen
stakes. We went to bed in the terrible cold.

In the morning we went to Todabelu with Mom-
114 mersteeg to meet Arndt.[2] We had met the latter
on the day before along the road. We saw an
old bearded man with a rain cape and umbrella
on a horse and asked if he knew where Arndt
was. He said that he was Arndt and that he had
ridden seven and one-half hours from Magilewa
near the south coast where he had gone for
Christmas. His parish is not there but on the
road to Boawai, off to one side. He was a
notable figure on the horse. We talked with
him about Ngada.

Arndt[2] says that there are no tribal units
614 called isi as van Staveren says.[2] There are
173 merely clans called voi. Then, inside these
611 units are bhou, or subclans. The big ancestor
was Djawa, who had seven sons and seven daughters.
The seven sons drop out, but the seven daughters
became the ancestral mothers of seven of the
great voi of Ngada, one of which is Ngada, and
this is the name of the ancestress. There are
a lot of other voi here too, each with a female
ancestor. I asked who the seven daughters
married, and he said this is unclear, but evi-
dently there were men on earth when the seven
were born. Thus it looks like an immigration
and intermarriage with aborigines. The bhou
614 have ancestral fathers, and thus they have a
611 system where the clans look a bit matrilineal
583 and the subclans a bit matrilineal, but the
whole descent is patrilineal unless there is no
bride price paid, when ambil anak occurs. Also,

[1] [i.e., at the night market --Analyst]
[2] [See bibliography, cat. 113 --Analyst]

[124] arrived after dark. We saw a very clear change
144 in physical type.[1] The Manggarai are clearly proto-Malay with a fair amount of Mongoloid blood in them.

[311] We went down to the coast through the empty
361 land, being burned off in large part, to Aimere.
342 Then we went across the wild and jungled peninsula to Mborong. We picked up a small girl from the hospital in Mborong who was going to school in the mountains. She got sick on the way. Then, up in the empty hills again, we saw a tree house on the way. Underneath it were some Mongoloid looking men and they said they were iron workers who were working on a bridge. They sleep in the tree house, which they built
[137] against mosquitoes which are bad here. They were from Ruteng. Later we heard that they have been here for years, "working" on a bridge.

[132] We ran into a terrible fog as we went up and up toward Ruteng. In the evening we attended
[143] the pasar malam, and there in addition to the
[525] gambling was a play with a story about how in-
536 dependence means decency and not rowdiness.
177 It was full of Catholic influence. Between the
533 acts there were instances of poor singing and dancing by a little girl who sang and stepped around and by some sillily dressed boys who went through marching motions to almost inaudible
[534] singing. The orchestra consisted of a violin and a ukelele, nothing else. The band consisted of a few horns. A small child held up the music for the trombone player, who didn't use the slide. The play was incredibly bad. Thus they lose the fine old singing and dancing and drama rites and instead of them they now have these imitation things which are bad beyond belief.

793 The next morning we went to the mission and
124 met several priests, including the rector, van Bekkum,[2] who wrote an article on Manggarai art. He was a bearded fellow and not bad. He said

[1] [i.e., the Manggarai vis-a-vis the Ngada --Analyst]
[2] [See bibliography, cat. 113 --Analyst]

000 "standing." There are plenty of songs. Singing
533 is the greatest art, and I was impressed extremely with the school performance. A priest who was musical said that they are excellent and strange. The new songs like krontjong, omba' putih-putih,[1] etc., are sung only in the towns. Here only a few know them, but nearly all the songs which the majority of the people know are old Manggarai ones. Cornelius[2] said that there are about ten kinds of rhythms in
[562] drum and gong playing. Some are for both sexes, others are for men or for women only.

221 May, June and July are relatively free of
527 work. Otherwise there is little free time. Feasts are the fun times here, and they are largely not at set times.

[526] Soccer is loved and so are horse races.
541 These are not native. They are held either in
● 525 town or along the road here. This is true especially at harvest time. There is betting.
[777] Cock fighting has come in a little from the outside.

538 There are plenty of stories. They tell tales while they work in the gardens and especially while they bind corn in the houses. Also, the old people tell stories in the evenings. They tell tales when they are just sitting around and drinking, too.

There are many kinds of stories. A number of them are sung, but many are not. They are never very long, and none lasts for several days as in Ende and Larantuka.

533 There are about ten kinds of songs.

527 For the Catholics, Sundays are free, and the pagans have largely taken this practice over. They are glad to have the day off. Otherwise, the only free days are feast days.

[868] With the dances and singing and story telling
538 there is no regular instruction. There is a decline in interest in the old tales especially,

[1] [i.e., a song title, "White Waves" -- Analyst]
[2] [i.e., the assistant -- Analyst]